

## MA'S SABBATH MOURN

Leota Hulse Black

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The Scene is the Peasley Kitchen, on Sunday Morning. Ma Peasley speaks:

"Now Minnie Pearl, you fly around and git the breakfus' dishes did, an' Florency, you dry 'em fer her! An' remember it's Sunday, so be as quiet as you kin about it. Pa, did you take yer bath las' night?---Why not? Now Pa, I'd think after workin' in the pickle fact'ry all week, you'd feel like gittin' some o' the vinegar soaked away, but I guess yer disposition is all that the vinegar affects. Gracious, Pa, I got enough to do to take the four kids' baths fer 'em, without havin' to keep track o' yourn too! I declare if this family ever gits to the place where I don't have the weight on my shoulders of their washin' an' bathin' an' eatin' an' drinkin' an' educatin' not to say nothin' about their spiritchal trainin', I'm gonna take a day off an' not do a blessed tap, but try to git myself in some kind o' shape so's I won't look like a walkin' rummage sale. I swan to goodness, Pa, I ain't looked in a lookin' glass fer so long, I don't 'spect I'd know myself.

Where's that Erny? (Goes to window) Oh! Fer evermore! Pa, jist look at that young limb-o-Satan out there in the back yard a-kickin' that football around on Sunday! (Calls) Erny! Ernest A. Peasley! You put that football in the wood-shed an' git them chickens fed an' watered!

Florency! Don't you dare wipe them dishes without scaldin' them! How'd my wash look if I fergot to wrench my clothes after sudsin' them? Guess I wouldn't be a-washin' fer the bloods of the town if I was that unpertickler.

Erny, are you ready to git ready fer Sunday-school? I mean is yer chores all did, an' did you remember to shut up them settin' hens? well, I'm surprised that you happened to do it without me a-tellin' you forty-'leven times. You must not be a-feelin' well this mornin', er is they some place you want to go? Kids have a habit of recollectin' to do their work, if they're figgerin' on goin' gaddin'. Come here an' let's see if you got yer neck an' ears clean when you took yer bath las' night. (Looks at neck and ears). Minnie Pearl, sling me that wash rag! Young man, don't you dare to flare up at me! I'll have you know that jist as long as you live under MY roof, I'll see that yer neck an' ears is clean if yer as big as a barn! Now go git yourself ready fer Sunday-school.

Where's Victor Bill? Well, bless yer little heart if you ain't gone an' got yerself ready, an' lookin' slick as a whistle! But law, I didn't notice that yer waist cuffs was frayed when I irent 'em, er I'd a-turned 'em. Lemme study--here Pa, hand me the shears, an' I'll give his cuffs a hair-cut. Hold up yer wrists, Victor Bill, an' while I'm a'workin' on you, I jist want to warn you to behave yerself in church this mornin'. Las' Sunday you an' that ornery youngest boy of the preacher's jist set an' tried to see how much commotion you could cause durin' the services. Threwed paper wads at the choir when they marched



in, an' et lickrish drops constant. I was never so mortified in my life! I tried my best to git yer eye so's I could glare at you, but you knew better than to look my way. Now here, lemme slick up yer hair an' then you take the funny paper, an' set down on the stair-steps an' look at it so's you won't git dirty afore it's time to start.

Law! I better be gittin' the spare-ribs in the oven, er they won't be tender so's we can have dinner soon as we git home from church. My, these pertaters I'm peelin' look as if they'd been froze! Pa, I sure wish I hadn't had you do the tradin' las' night! You let them clerks poke any old thing off on you. Now you git yer nose outa that Sunday paper, an' come here so's I kin shave yer neck. (Lathers and shaves) Course YOU don't mind the way it looks, but how do you think the folks that have to set behint you is gonna git any good outa Brother Parker's sermon with them red brissels starin' them in the face? It might not work so bad this mornin' tho', 'cause he's gonna use fer his tex' the parable of the wheat an' tares, an' your neck would be a fittin' illustration of sandy seed, from shallow soil. Now Pa, don't look so pouty-- I jist like to hector you a little--you know I think yer about right, Pa. My, I've had you so long, why I'd be attached to a dog I'd been waitin' on fer twenty year.

MURDERATION! My pie-plant pie's a-burnin'! Now ain't that a shame? Well, they won't be no desert fer the Peasleyes today! Serves me right. Ma always was set ag'in pie-bakin' on Sunday, an' never allowed us girl'd to do it when we was to home, but seems like since I married you Pa, I've had to go ag'in my early trainin' in more ways than one.

Do you childern all know what the Sunday-school lesson is about? Well, it's the story of David an' Goliath, an' ther's a right fine lesson to be gained from both of them. You know that Goliath was a big large giant that had the nerve to stand out an' dare the whole world to lick him. He had had some luck along that line, an' it went to his head, so to speak. The moral o' that, childern, is never to git set up over some little fool thing you accomplish. If you ever git to feelin' big-headed, jist think o' Edison an' some o' the folks that are doin' the world a real service, an' how little we are alongside of them. But on the other hand, you don't want to think too little of yourselves. Jist look at little puny David, how he went out with his little pea-shooter an' downed Goliath the first shot. No matter how small a beginnin' you have, kids, you kin git to the top if you jist got the grit to work hard--course you kids is awful handicapped by havin' that shif'less Peasley blood in you--an' yet yer Pa is a good soul, only he ain't ever had no higher ambitions than the pickle fact--ry, an' he had a chanct to be town constable once--an' kids, I coulda had the man that's justice of the peace in Pineville--but I married fer love--I GUESS that's what it was--I've thought sometimes since it was the summer flu.

Erny! Where do you think you're a-goin'? You march straight back here! The first bell jist rung, an' you're not a-goin' uptown an' hang aroun' on the streets with a bunch o' hoodlums till it's time to go! Have you got yer nickel fer Sunday-school? Now Victor Bill, it's all right for big brother to have a nickel--I'll give you all one instid of a penny, as soon as you git up in the a-dult apartment where folks will notice. Here Erny, let me brush yer coat, an' young man, I want you to go in fer the OPENIN' exercises this mornin'! It sure gives me a shamed face to have you come draggin' in jist in time fer the lesson.



Minnie Pearl, what makes yer cheeks so red? Young lady, you been a'rubb'n' that red crepe Christmas paper on yer cheeks ag'in, ain't you? I've a good mind to turn you over my checkered aporn. Florency, hand me that wash rag, an' the cake of Fels Napfy. (Washes) No girl o' mine is gonna go to church lookin' like a Jigfield Folly!

Now where's that Victor Bill? VICTOR BILL! What on earth are you a'doin' in the butry? Oh my word, if you ain't gone an' got elderberry jell all over yer shirt front! An' it's yer last clean one too! If it was any place but Sunday-school, I'd make you stay to home, but if they's anyone that needs Sunday-school trainin', it's the Peasley younguns. Lemme think--here I'll turn yer waist vicey versey, with the jell in the back, an' it'll come under yer coat. (Turns waist) There! Well honey, I must say you look more like a Catholic priest than a Baptist. Here, let Ma pin this red hair ribbon o' Florency's on fer a necktie, an' the no openin' won't show so much.

Now skat kids, the last bell is a-riningin'. Pa, are you ready so's you kin go with the kids? My, you look right nice. Button the top button o' yer coat, an' Law! you've combed that long spray of hair that you always comb over yer bald spot the wrong way, an' it's hangin' clean down on yer shoulders. There, that's better, an' Pa, do try to keep awake durin' the sermon this mornin'. When you go to sleep an' let yer lower jaw drop, yer upper plate drops too, an' you look jist like yer half-witted brother Sam. An' Pa, las' Sunday EVERYONE in church saw a fly go in yer mouth when you was a-sleepin', an' NO ONE saw it come out. It's a good thing that Brother Parker is nearsighted 'cause yer always a-noddin' in yer sleep, an' he thinks yer agreein' with him.

Well good-bye, I'll try to git there for the sermon. My, don't they look nice? I always feel after I git 'em off that I shouldn't a been so hard with them, but if you give a kid a inch they take a mile, an' I guess it's my duty to make 'em mind--but Law! by the time I git 'em all off, I ain't in much of a mood fer the services. But I got to set an example fer them so I better go. Now fer makin' my toilet. About all I'll have time to do is put on my Sunday dress, an' slick up my hair. Wish I had time to crimp it, but I ain't. My, I jist love Sunday. Seems like that's the only day I git any rest. It's so peaceful-like that I gain strength fer the comin' week. Oh, there's that pesky phone---hello, hello---yes, this is Peasleyes---Yes, this is Hattie---Oh, this you Emmy?---Yes, we're as well as common---Yes, I'M gonna be home, only I was figgerin' on goin' to hear the sermon---Ye-e-s---I s'pose so---Well, you'll have to take pot-luck with the rest of us---Yes---Well, I guess you can stand it if we can---All right, goodbye.

MY STARS AN' BARS! Pa's sister Emmy an' her man an' seven kids comin' here fer dinner! That means no sermon fer me! Well, they ain't no rest fer the wicked. If I'd a-knowed what kind of a outfit them Peasleyes was before I married Pa, I'd a sooner been a old maid than to of married such a mess, but I didn't know, an' I've had to feed 'em when they was hungry, an' clothe 'em when they was neckked. Yes, I was the stranger that got took in!"